### FARRINGFORD LAWN. By Mary Brotherton.

Who bath seen the summer parlor of the King?
Lovely and lofty, shat from view;
Walled with green, and redlinged with blue;
Round about it the singers sung;
Rose and lily their oftors dung;
I myself that speak unto you—
I have seen the summer parlor of the King.

Who sat in the summer parier of the King,
His custom of an attention:
When summer came, when earth was boon;
When round about his singers sing.
Rose and his their otters flung;
When summer came, when all was June?—
The King! in the summer parier of the King!

Lo! this was the summer parlor of the King.
Made fit for him, and fashioned fair,
Open only to delicate air.
Royal soms for the world to sing
Seemed writ round the walls in jewelling;
For I myself have seen them there.
Have sat in his summer parlor with the King.

ittle whack. I want to see what's goin' on in the world, I do."

"You want to see what's goin' on in the world! Most people wants to shut their eyes to what's goin' on in the world. You let the world alone," said his mother. "It's been tamblin' about a good many years 'thout your help. I recken your head's turned jest because your uncle dabez left you that four hundred dollars."

Charles Henry again jingled his poeket.

"Wal," said the old lady, with subdued irony, "I recken it's too much for you. You're off your base. You want to go an' manzle with the fleshpots an' painted Isabels an' fleetin' joys of this world, an' spend all your money an' then comeback like the prodigy sen. But you may jest make up your mind, Charles Henry, jest as sure as you're born (I'm sure I don't know where Providence located your mind—what there is of it, that'N be precious little yeal on the premises for you when you git tired of runnin' free, an' comes crawlin' home full of husks after the manner of the Scripters."

"I never was great on yeal," said Charles Henry indifferently. "Not me! It's no use,

words, when you get tired of runnin' free, an' comes carwin' home full of husks after the manner of the Seripters.

"I never was great on veal," said Charles Henry indifferently. "Not me! It's no use, mother. I'm like the birds when the cold snap starts—I've got to get out."

"A jay bird's the only sort of bird you're like," returned his strong-minded parent. "You're jest fit to sit on a bough an' screech, an' git office birds to lay your own eggs for you.

Charles Henry had never before asserted himself. "Kow, he had money in his pouch; and when a man has money in his pouch; and when a man has money in his pouch; and when a man has money in his pouch; and when a man has money in his pouch—especially a man of one-and-twenty—he is bound to assert himself. "Look here, mother," he said deliberately, "you've cooped re up all my life. I haven't even been down on a raft to Montreal. The boys in Millar's store are always flinging it all the good I get out of life. I can't keep still. I've got to move on. I want to see things for myself. What's anything matter? Dyou want me to discuss the world yender beyond things? I hear voice scalling me away into the world—the great, glorious world yender beyond this little village. I want to see if, taste it, to find out what it's like; and the life whack." "I want to leap wood askes on any little whack." "I want to leap wood askes on any little whack." "I have you understand? I feel like a sugar maple. That's what'l happen to you, my son."

"Ther's precious little as any maple. That's what'l happen to you, my son."

"Ther's precious little. An' if you go graw you'll be bled like a sugar maple. That's what'l happen to you, my son."

"Well," said Charles Henry, indifferently, "what's it matter?"

Mrs. Hawkins was staggered. "Yon're past traving for," she ejaculated. "A whole mourn."

"Well," said Charles Henry, indifferently, "what's it matter?"

Mrs. Hawkins was staggered. "You're past praying for," she ejaculated. "A whole mourners' bench equidn't save you."

Charles Henry asserted himself. His tones were those of repressed passion. "You let me go my own way, mother. I daresay it's all true. But you can't understand-you can't understand. I must see it all. I want to go to London and have a look round and get it all fixed."

"Oh, you'll git fixed, said the old lady. "You'll git fixed in a police barracks. That's where you'll bring up."

"Let me start, mother," the youth pleaded. "I'll have to. It's in my blood. I'll go mad if I don't. I see it all—feel it—hear it. Dream of It nights. I must see what it's like. I'll come back gayin, mother. I'll come back. But I must go. It's a living grave here."

Mrs. Henry Hawkins gazed out of the window on the swollen Ottawa as it thundered past. A patch or two of snow betokened that winter had

back again, mother. I'll come back. But I must go. It's a living grave here."

Mrs. Henry Hawkins gazed out of the window on the swollen Ottawa as it thundered past. A patch or two of snow betokened that winter had barely fled behind the mountains on the opposite shore. But the sun blazed flercely out upon the little Canadian village, gay with glittering tin spires and brightly-hued wooden houses. Most of the inhabitants were making up their gardens for the summer. The potato-bug, clad in a triple mail which had withstood the fierce frost of winter, perched upon the cedar rails and sunned himself until returning life warmed his airy wings. There was a hum in the air of newly born mosquitoes seeking whom they might devour. The grass sprang greenly by the road-side or along the edges of the kittle creek where booming batrachians bellowed forth their tale of love to coy fair ones half buried in the mud. Here and there a rooster, his comb scarred and frost-bitten, strutted proudly up and down or flapped his wings and crowed defiance to the world—that world which Charles Henry found too cramped for his wants. Habitants, driving brightly bedizened ponies, dashed through the village or thronged into the stores with the first lage or thronged into the stores with the first lage or thronged into the stores with the first lage or thronged into the stores with the first lage or thronged into the stores with the first lage or thronged into the stores with the first lage or thronged into the stores with the first lage road had burst into buds in a single night. Winter had taken his stern grip from the throat of all things. There was a murmur of summer in the air, a rustle amid the growing grasses, the arrowy flight of myriad swallows over the roofs of the houses, the bickering of innocent robins as they flew about laden with straws and twigs for their nests. Over all was the wild sweet joy of the aun-warmed air; and away in the distance the mighty trees of the Rush showed greenly safinst a grim background of mountain. The w

heart save those of Charles Henry and his irate parent.

"Wal," said the old lady, in answer to Charles Henry's last remark ther glance fell lingeringly upon the wide expanse of river and then turned to the mountain beyond, "if this is the place you last mentioned, I kin stand a good deal of it. But here's Phenisby Anne. Come in, Phenisby Anne, and stop his foolishness."

A young girl entered the room, and stood carelealy swinging her sun-bonnet by its strings. She was splendidly handsome: as vigorous as a panther; with dark hair coiled in a glorious mass of soon light and shade at the back of her firmly modelled head. Her blue eyes gazed questioningly at Charles Henry as he stood still jingling his döllars. Charles Henry did not look at her again. There was that within Phenisby Anne's eye which was not meant for him to see until he deserved to see it. She was clad in a pretty blue woollen dress, and looked about twenty. In addition, she stood three inches taller than Charles Henry, and could have lifted him up with one of her large, beautifully shaped hands. Phenisby Anne leaned against the doorpost, her face paling a little as she realized the situation. "You needn't tell," she said to Mrs. Hawkins. "He's got the fidgets again. He'll have to go." saly swinging her sun-bonnet by its strings. She as aplendidly handsome: as vigorous as a suther; with dark hair coiled in a glorious mass foon light and shade at the back of her firmly odelled head. Her blue eyes gazel questioningly to Charles Henry as he stood still jingling his bliars. Charles Henry did not look at her again. There was that within Phenisby Anne's eye which was not meant for him to see until he derived to see it. She was clad in a pretty line woollen dress, and looked about twenty hard harles Henry, and could have lifted him upharles Henry, and could have lifted him apharles Henry and could have lifted him apharles Henry, and could have lifted him apharles Henry, and could have lifted him apharles Henry recled slightly as he opened the door. It's you, is it?" he said to the grimy "slave," a girl of about sixteen, with tangled that hard and a profusion of black lead and boot polish impartially spread over her expressive features.

Phenisby Anne leaned against the doorpost, or face paling a little as she realized the situation. "You needn't tell," she said to Mrs. Haw-line. "He's got the fidgets again. He'll have to be the fidgets again. He'

on an ally.

be glad enough to come back again.

Charles Henry did not meet Phenisby's eye.

"Wal," said Mrs Hawkins, resignedly, "if you say it. Phenisby, I s poss he'il hev to go. Don't cry out about it afterward when he's seen some one eise. Hasn't he said anything to you yet.

Phenisby."

One else, itasn't he said anything to you yet, Phenisby."

The girl's check flamed for a moment. She drew herself ap with a superb gesture. "If he sees any one he likes better than me," she said, "he s welcome to." There was a touch of scorn in her voice which roused Charles Henry. What his mother's reproaches could not effect, Phenisby Anne had done in a second. "If you want me to stay," he said, humbly approaching her, as the sunlight played upon her hair, "If you want me to stay, 'I'l do it, Phenisty."

There was an air of pathetic entreaty in Mrs. Hawkins's iron-featured face. The girl hesitated for a moment. Then she laughed low and musically, displaying splendid teeth as she did so. She three out her arm with a gesture of renunciation. "When I want you it will be easy enough to come after you. Go and see the world, Charles Henry Hawkins. You won't find anything like me in it."

THE MAN FROM THE CORNERS

CHAPTER I.

"Wal, Charles Henry, I brought you inter the world, en' I m mighty beared thar's no scadin to the summer accession of you back agin, said dist. Henry Hawkins, and one old lady gave him a bottle of raspberry inegar as a remedy against sensickness. Charles then to the sensition of you back agin, said dist. Henry Hawkins of you back agin, said dist. Henry Hawkins of the sensition of the sensit

than a chestual shack, and is about as wearing. "In one-sand-twenty, mother," returned Charles. "On one-sand-twenty, mother," returned Charles and—", "and I hanker after sevial the world. and—"." Pon't tell me," said his mother; "don't tell me what you're hankerin' after. I know 'ithout any tellin'. It's the fleshpots you've got your eye on. The fleshpots of Egypt'. That's what you're after. You're about as fit as a spring chicken is to see the world. Jest about as lit to come up to the scratch, you poor innocent. You for the straight of this folishness, an' set to work sawin' wood, gult this foolishness, an' set to work sawin' wood. That's what Nature ment you to do, an' if you hat's what Nature ment you to do, an' if your bottom dollar. Than's a dead of solid your bottom dollar. Than he walked to the window and cazed at the mighty Ottom he solid your bottom fine the wind

"Yes," said Phemsey Ahne, drying her splendid eves.

"Wal, we'll jest take after him, an' fetch him tack," said Mrs. Hawkins, with grim determination. "He's the only son of my old age, an' his mothers a widew, an' ain't going to put up with all this bigh-tened squanderin' an' little whackin"

"Put if he won't come?" asked Phenishy.

whackin' "Part if he won't come?" asked Phenishy.
"Then I'll yank him on board the steamer,"
call Mrs. Hawkins, defautly, "an' tote him home
before he can say 'sharks."

Ent the weeks and the mouths went by. One,
two, three months. Charles Henry made no sign
after having once written to state that he was
revelling, metaphorically specifying, in the fleshpots
of the Old World. Mrs. Hawkins sent for Phenishy
"Pack your trank an' git ready to start to-morrow,"
she said. "It's time this hankerio' after fleshnots was put an end to." And Phenishy Ame
made ready.

made ready.

Mrs. Hawkins had rever been down to the rea in ships before. She was dismayed for a moment by the unleared of the waters. "Does it allers keep a-wabblin" up an' down like this?" she asked the steward.

"Yes, madain," replied that functionary, as the frawning citadels of Quebec faded away in the distance, and a few gulls wheeled with will red piercing cries round the vessel's stately sides.

ment—he had but one—with costly friumphs of the upholsterer's art. The bedstead was of iron, and supported a flock mattress with a painful tendency to knobbiness. The wind whistled shrilly up through the carpetless floor. A three-legged chair without a back, a wash-handstand of deal, in whose coy embrace reposed a cracked basin which had evidently seen better days, and a dissipated-looking deal table comprised the somewhat unormanental surroundings with which he had been compelled to content himself. Actuated by a desire to pass his enforced leisure in artistic pursuits, Charles Henry had himself designed the mural decorations of his apartment with a piece of charcoal. The most striking feature in the scheme of decoration was an effigy of Charles Henry, suspended from a branch of lofty pine by a hempen rope. Underneath this motionless figure were written the words, in Charles Henry's characteristic handwriting:

Charles Henry Hawkins. Bern 1st of April, 1871.

Did for himself 1st Arth, 1892.

He was a DUM FOOL.

Charles Henry got out of bed and surveyed the strength and surveyed the strength of the process.

shadow."
He fell to counting the days, "She'd give a snadow.

He fell to counting the days. "She'd give me a week extra or a fortnight, and then rear up and come straight alonz," said Charles Henry reflectively. "Oh, yes, she'll come. But how am I to get along now? I've been to the Canadian consul, and he wouldn't do anything. Suppose I try the editor of "Montreal Scraps." He's got an office down Fleet Street, for I passed it in my pride on a car one day. My! I'd give anything for a good breakfast. It's a dreadful thing to be hungry and have all your internal arrangements crying out for work. Let me see. I'd begin with hash and coffee, and wind up with biscuits and maple syrup and buckwheat cakes, with a few eggs, and a hank of cold venison, and some fow!, and cranberry jam and cream to finish. Then I'd begin all over again. And then? Well, then I'd try a fresh lot."

Charles Henry licked his lips in anticipation.

stopping him, Mrs. Hawkins. Let him go. He'll be giad enough to come back again."

Charles Henry did not meet Prenisby's eye.
"Wal." said Mrs. Hawkins, regently "it you siching." Wal." said Mrs. Hawkins, regently "it you siching."

"She's strong thousand sighing.
The slavey produced a big slice of bread and batter from under her apron. "You ain't a batterter from under her apron. "You ain't a batter, is said. "Ketch old and tuck into it."
Charles Henry was very hungry, but he was also proud. "It's your breakfast, isn't it." he

also proud. "It's your breakfast, isn't it?" he said.
"No," said the slavey, lying hard, "it's for you. I 'ad corfee and sassidges hours and hours

you. I ad corree and sassages hours and hours ago."

"D'you think," said Charles Henry—"d'you think, you poor little coon, I'm going to rob you of the food you do get? Never. Don't lie like that."

With a dexterous movement the slavey repossessed herself of Charles Henry's boots. "It you don't eat," she said, "I'll lock em up again." Charles Henry was forced to comply. He ate ravenously. "I should like to have the honor of shaking brinds with you," he said solemnly when he had finished. "I have renewed my strength like the eagle."

"Orl right," said the slavey. "Your beak's gettin' very like a neagle's. Shake." And they shook.

was only 9 o'clock when Charles Henr left his lodging-house and started for Fieet-st, lie passed the office of "The Montreal Scraps" and crawled on until he came to the Law Courts. There he sank languily down on a scat and watched the busy gardeners as they levelled forf and carted

to the Law Courts. There he sank languary down on a seat and watched the busy gardeners as they levelled torf and carted away heaps of stones. Plump pigeons strutted about under his feet. Their very latness was an insult. Oh, if he could only get one in a pie—with rump steak and eggs and gravy! The warm sun came out and made him hungrier than before. With feeble steps he crawled back to "The Scraps" office and asked for the cultor.

The great man had arrived, and was opening his letters. Charles Henry waited for half an hour, and was then admitted to the editorial sanctum. A red flush mounted to his brow. He, a free-born Canadian, had come to beg alms lest he should die of hunger. Still he recedied the good time he had had. Nothing could take that away. The great man was reading a daily paper. Charles Henry felt instinctively that his shrewd, handsome face belonged to a clever man. Somehow, his tale went very lamely. Even to himself he couldn't help admitting that it was bad. The editor wheeled round in his chair and confronted charles Henry sternly. "See here, he said, "do you expect me to believe all this?" What did you come over here for?"

"Pleasure! And I was a dum foo!"

"And you're strappe.!?"

"And you're strappe.!?"

"And you're strappe.!?"

"Clean broke, dead broke, stony broke," idiomatically and comprehensively, if somewhat tautologically, answere! Charles Henry, lamely, "Ive been," said Charles Henry. "Ive come to ask you to help me. I'm hungry."

"What in thunder do you mean by springing such a yarn on me?" inquired the editor. "Why don't you go to the Canadian consul?"

"Ye been," said the editor again. "Ive helped fifty-seven people in the last five years whe've come to me with tales as good as yours. If any one of them had had the deceacy to ever pay me back afterward I'd have helped you. One man's riding in his carriage in Montreal now, and passed me the last fine I was over there without know.

one of them had had the decency to ever pay me back afterward Ed have helped you. One man's riding in his carriage in Montreal now, and passed me the last time I was over there without know-ing me. You clear out. Un busy."

Charles Hemy's sense of humor had been rapidly educated during his European trip. "Seems those fifty-seven have been mighty rough on me." he snid, moving toward the door. "Good-day." And he went out.

The editor turned to his parser, but Charles

about it."

Phenisby Anne looked at his thin cheeks for moment as Mrs. Hawkins glanced round the bar

of her.
"Hush!" soid Phenisby Anne. "You don't
understand. It's the fashion in this country to
get as high as you can, and the higher you get
the more miserable you look. Charles Henry,
you just go on telling your mother all about the
sights and I'll order dinner. Then we'll go round
afterward."
The centre of the
field. The centre of the
country surrounded with

Charles Henry got out of bed and surveyed the effigy with grim satisfaction. As he gazed, his steraness relayed and a humorous twinkle took its place. "Well," he said with a sigh, "Tve had a bully time, and no mistake, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and the Tower—ail the places I've read of at school—stem 'em all. They've been waiting for me ever since they were built, and I've seen 'em. What did I want to go and play cords for with confidence men and bunco steer's, and dissipate my subtance—four hundred dellarsin riotous living? I dunno. I 'spose it was part of the time. But I ain't got a red cent left. And I've had nothing to eat 'eept an orange for two days. I can't live on Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey, and chew a slice out of the Tower. No. sir, I've got to get something to eat, or peg out. I can't cable mother because nobody will lend me the money. Wonder if there is anything I can pawn."

He felt in his pockets in a perfunctory way as if knowing what the result must be. "Waistcon went hast week," he said, addressing the effigy. Last week. What am I to do now? There's a good deal in that I'rotigal Son business of mother's. I reckon I'm emptier than he ever felt. But I have had a good time."

Stedenly his face brightened. "I promised her to get buck a month ago, and she said if I didn't turn up on time she'd come and fetch me. Wonder if shell do it. She'll have to come quick or there won't be enough of me to make shadow."

He fell to counting the days. "She'd give we week extra or a fortnight, and then rear the felling in Good Words.

The fell to connting the days. "She'd give we week extra or a fortnight, and then rear the felling in Good Words.

### THE CALENDAR NUISANCE.

A MERCHANT WHO SUFFERS FROM THE TROUBLE A MERCHANT WHO SUFFIERS FROM THE TROUBLE.

"This calendar business is completely overdone," said a Broadway merchant some days ago. "There was a time when a calendar was a good advertisement of one's business because it was a convenience to get one. Now I consider it a convenience not to get one. The month of January has become a horrid dream. It seems as if our January business this year consisted of receipting for calendars sent to us, and informing the myriad of applicants that we did not issue any ourselves. The first business day in the year, which I believe was January 3, we had nine applications for calendars. The clerks were polite about it, and explained that we were not issuing any advertising of that sort this year, but the applicants all went away with a sort of a dissatisfied look.

away with a sort of a dissatisfied look.

"The next day was quiet, and I began to think we wouldn't be troubled any more with calendar-grabbers, when, about 3 o'clock, a thin, middle-aged man came into the store. He sidied up to one of the clerks, favored him with a beaming smile, and then whispered confidentially, I want one of your calendars, old fellow.' We don't issue any calendars, sir,' said the clerk,

"The visitor nudged the clerk in the ribs. 'That's all right,' he whispered. " 'Riuffin' about calendars.'
" 'I teli you we haven't any calendars.'

"And I say you have," said the calendar fiend out loud.
I saw one uptown this morning. Elegant thing, Russia leather and gold, limited number for your big customers.

"'Come off. I saw your calendar myself. I'm a good customer of this house,' he added, getting mad. 'I bought nine dollars' worth of goods here last fall, and blamed if ever I come in here again.' And he went out and s'amnel the door after him hard enough to break all the glass in it. He really thought we'd bluffed him. Then I had a notice stuck upon the door:

HAPPY NEW YEAR. NO CALENDARS. We never issued one, and we never will.

But we had thirty-one applications by mail after that But we had thirty-one applications by mail after that. About the 15th the calendars began to come in to us. We excived eleven by messengers and had to sign receipts or all of them. Twenty-four others came by mail, I ad nine calendars hanging in my office at once. Figure assurance, ink, pens, sursaparila, electrotyping, printing, examples, eigenvities, all soits and conditions of enter-caspacies. One of them was two feet square. I think it mutaises. One of them was two feet square. I think it mutaises been designed for blind men and old ladies. I stoof its collection of calendar brie-a-brae till last week, and its collection of calendar brie-a-brae till last week, and sign I said to the office boy: William, pull all these identars up by the roots and threw them into the wiste needed as the calendar and nothing else, if the calendar, a little one, all calendar and nothing else, if

GERMAN VILLAGE AT THE FAIR.

HOW SOCIAL AND HOME LIFE WILL BE ILLUS-TRATED AT CHICAGO.

a happy idea to enlarge the s dambian Fair by adding to its industrial, artistic and of the social and home life of the peoples of the earth, it was Dr. Ufrich Jahn, of Berlin, a papil and friend of the famous Professor Virchow, who began the move oncession and assignment of space for the erection of an ideal German village, with all its indispensable octal features. The patriotism and enterprise of two sioner of immigration of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company, in which capacity be as been instrumental in establishing many thousands

matured with the aid of an artistic and scientific com-mittee, consisting of Professor Virchow, rector of the University of Berlin; Emurath Wallot, the builder of the

those fifty-seven have been mighty rough on the "he said, moving toward the door, "Good-day," And he went out.

The editor turned to his paper, but Charles Henry's thin, hundsome face came between it and the words. Then he flum it down, "It is a terrible thing to be hungry, he said. "Gosh he's right." He rushed to the door, "Hi, you, come brek!" But Charles Henry had disappeared. Charles Henry stageered heavily back to his garret. "Fil try to 20 to sleep," he said. "It will make the time pass quicker. It's a race between Death and mother; but I've had a good time, anyhow; and when mother wades in she generally wins." He sleet for an hour. Then he gain awake, with that terrible craving for food. "Yee had enough of the world," he said to the effigy opposite. "If I once get brek to the Four Corners I'll saw wood for the rest of my days. Who's there?" Some one had knocked.

"It's me," said a well-known voice. Charles Henry dissembled his enotion and totered to the door. But Mis Hawkins could not dissemble hers. She drew him to her breast and careful over him, and patted his enotion and totered to the door. But Mis Hawkins could not dissemble hers. She drew him to her breast and the lam.

Charles Henry with one supreme heroic celor, momentarily staved off the panes of hungr. "I have had a time," he said; "and here I am."

Charles Henry, with one supreme heroic celor, momentarily staved off the panes of hungr. "I have had a time," he said; "a buily time. House's of Parliament, Madame Tussand's, Salvation Army, the Tower and Zeological Gardens. Sit down on the best, mother, and I'll tell you all about it."

Phenisby Anne looked at his thin cheeks for a receive as Me, Hawkins could the heavy and shore law and should the panes of hungr, "I have had a time," he said; "and here I am."

Charles Henry with the employee he had a time, he said to the first hone employee he had a time," he said; "and here I am."

Charles Henry and here Across a small stream of

Prom The Bultimore News.

If is well known that Mr. Cleveland has been for a year or two a student in his own manner of the career of Lincoln, and he is found of harding anything which illustrates Lincoln's method. Therefore it was with keen pleasure that the following anecdote was listened to by him. He had been discussing the offers and the clamor of office seckers when a gentleman said to him:

"Mr. Cleveland, I will tell you a story about Mr. Lincoln and an office secker, which may contain a hint. In 1983, after the following an earner to Mr. Lincoln seeking an office. He had known Mr. Lincoln very well in the early fittles, but had diffice south. He claimed to have been always a Whig and a Union man, although compelled to hide his sentiment until vicksburg fell. He wanted an office and a good one, and he was very importunate.

"At last Mr. Lincoln said to him: 'John, when I was a young man, about the time I first went to Springfield to live, I was frelied to a dance, and I was very proud of the mytiation. I remember that I bought a new hat and a very good one, for it cost me more than any other but I had ever bought, and I was very proud to wear it to the dance. Well, I enloved myself so much at this hop that I stayed very late—about the last one to leave, if I remember—and as I was ready to go I said to the colored man who had charge of the casts and hats; "Now, John, I wish you would bring me my hat." He brought me a hat that had been worn for a long time and wat very gusty and shabby, and I said to him: "This len't my hat." I were a new one," and then he replied: "Mr. Lincoln the hew ones were all gone two hours, mo."

"The office seeker did not catch the hint for a mement or two, but when he did he turst out laughing and said that he had forgotten that it was two years shoe. Mr. Lincoln never say him again."

CHRISTMAS ON A SUNDAY.

### From The Manchester Times.

From The Manchester Times.

As Christmas Day this year fell on a Sunday, it is interesting to see what the old prophets predicted as the outcome of the subsequent year. In the Harlelan Manuscripts the following prophecies are mentioned showing that if Christmas Day falls of Sunday a lucky year follows the event:

year follows the event:

Now take heed every man,
That English understand can,
If that Christmas Day fall
Upon Sunday know well all,
That whiter season shall be easy,
Save great winds aboft shall fly;
The summer after also be dry,
And right seasonable, I say;
Beasts and sheep shall thrive right
But other victuals shall fall;
What child that day is norn,
Great and rich be shall be of corn,
however, Chelstma, Iv. (1)

should, however, Christmas Day fall on a Monday, many disasters are threatened:

If Christmas Day on Monday be, A great winter that year you'll see, And full of winds both load and shrill; But in summer, truth to tell, High winds shall there be and strong, Full of tempests insting long; while battles they shall muriply. And great plenty of beasts shall die.

And great plenty of beasts shall die.

With regard to this last prophecy, "The Pall Mall
Gazerte" pointed out in 1806 how curiously correct
were the events of that year, following the falling of
Christmas Day on Monday in 1805. It was remarked
of three of the prophecies that the wind lasted in 1806
from January to May; that a war was ended by the
buttle of Sadowa, when the Prusslans and Austrians
were in conflict; and that the cattle plague was in full
swing, being a legacy of the outburst of the rinderpest
of 1865. To those who study the evele of events, it
may be interesting to learn that the Christmas festival
falls on Sundays at intervals of five, six, eleven and six
years respectively.

### STILTS MORGAN'S BLIZZARD.

AN ADVENTURE IN ONE OF DAKOTA'S WILD STORMS.

IT CAME IN THE FORM OF A WHIRLING PLACK KNOT-STILTS'S STRUGGLES IN THE COULER -MAYBE IT WAS "THE LITTLE

BOY MINDING HIS SHEEP" THAT SAVED HIM.

Stillts Morgan had lived three winters in Dakota without having once seen a blizzard. He had come to have his doubts about the existence of such a thing-To be sure, he often read in the Eastern papers that a blizzard had swept over his State and had done all sorts of dreadful things. But it had never come his way, and he firmly believed that these stories were the malicious inventions of dishonest newspaper correspondents in the pay of railroads and town-site companies anxious to divert immigration from Da kota. Stilts used to inveigh against these cruel stories bitterly. To mention the word "blizzard" in his presence was the signal for such a storm of pro test as suggested that if he had never actually en countered one he kept the possibility of it always

Stilts was "proving up" on a claim not far from the city of Watertown. He kept a cigar store in the city, but left it early every afternoon in charge of had to walk four miles across the prairie, but he at last a very simple matter. He left town one afternoon in February, a little later than usual, but still in ample time to reach his shack before dark. It had been a warm, beautiful day. The sun had blazed out of a perfectly clear sky, and, although the air was sharp, everybody had gone around with his top-coat on his arm, if, indeed, he had bothered with it at all. Stilts knew that the weather changed quickly sometimes, and he never ventured on his long walk without plenty of protection. So be took liblg coat with him-a heavy, old-time buffalo-with his arm looped over it and his hands in his trousers

Nothing momentous is apt to occur nowadays in a walk across a Dakota prairie. The Indians, wolves buttalo and everything else of former laterest have Now and then a jack-rabbit would rear himself or t is hind legs, point his long ears toward you and bound fleetly away. Sometimes a coyote would bark shilly far beyond in the distance, and it might be possible you might stumble on a colony of dogs. But when the prairies were exhausted, and you were left pect of his case Stills was fortunate. He had little to think of, but he possessed the rare faculty at will of not thinking at all, and would move on, mile after mille, without being conscious of anything. On the February afternoon I mentioned Stills was

perceived it, for now that he did perceive it, he seemed things the weather was clear, sunny and warm. Now foundly every instant. The northern and eastern sides were a dead gray in color, and the southern and was about to happen. He began to take his bearings. aing around and whitling darkness and confusion far in all directions.

Twenty minutes later Charles Henry sat before a somewhat rule but plentiful med, suffering expensive to the distribution of his part later of the postering expensive to the post of his more rule of the most famous interests as he waited for his mother to continue to the most of the most famous proportioned. It was with difficulty that he could be strain himself from tearing the food with his important himself from tearing the food with his important himself from tearing the food with his man, and the thorn of him period of the most famous model, as it is constructed in order to be lodged up here, she said. "I reckon distribution to the meal, and people. Within this graduation in the postates.

"Seems to me with all that money you don't ought to be lodged up here," she said. "I reckon distribution of the most partitions will be erected, where two selected bands from tearing the food with his graduation in the most of the castle, German sociality will trimingle. Large open halls, constructed in order than two hundred dollars, I guess," said phenistry Anne. "I reckon the post of the castle, German social space of the castle, German social site of the weight and muscle. It came like a flash into Shite's minute that it he ever let that twicting black hard people. Within this agood as our barn. How much have you don't sain't as good as our barn. How much have you don't sain't as good as our barn. How much have performed the castle, German social space. Within this agood as our barn. How much have performed an open with all that it have to be described and specification of two prominent Prussian band leaders. The health of the failharmonic at kern with all that the stories he had so the Prussian Anny Saist. The result was leaders to the direction of two prominent Prussian hand since the provided of the castle, German will give roncerts he addition of the man and six of the castle, German will be castle, G barn door, and perished in a vain effort to find it. Another where a man and his young daughter left a church building in which, with others, the blizzard caught them, thinking they could surely reach their home on the other side of the street and only a few doors below the church. They were found dead in the snow not ten feet from the fence that inclosed their house. Stilts threw himself on his stomach, flattened out, and dug his fingers and toes into the ground fiercely.

He did the right thing and did it not a moment too soon. The noise which had directed his attention to the black knot had become a startling thinder, wild flarries of snow daried and apread, and in another instant the blizzard broke! Ten m'illion demons surcharged with firey could not have made a wilder uprear, or produced a more fearful force. The luckiest thing that ever happened to stilts in all his life was his thinness at that noment. He held

his life was his thinness at that moment. He held almself down in the cured grass and trembled. Stiff as he was with cold, the perspiration of fear wet his face. How long he hay he did not know, but he knew the snow was heavy on him and he began to be afraid of losing consciousness. The wildest passion of the storm had passed—of that he felt certain. But it still raped and roared. The snow-fell in little dakes that struck his face like whipmaps. He could not see a foot in front of his eyes. He was afraid, indeed, to open them, and ventured to do so only for a second now and then. He rose slowly, testing his strength against the storm with every movement until at last he stood upright with his face set, he was sure, directly towards his little shack, one third of a mile away.

Stilts had heard about the tendency of a man in walking, without visible marks to guide him, to move

in a circle, and he argued that there was danger of his missing the shack while being very near it. As the thing had been explained to him, the muscles of the right leg being stronger and more vigorous generally than those of the left, it was a circular movenent toward the left. He concluded, therefore, to strike out for a point to the right, or north of his shack. The wind had also to be taken into account. Shack. The wind had also to be taken into account. Its natural effect would be to throw him toward the left. Considering these facts, he began to move as swiftly as he dared, having due regard to the necessity of controlling the direction of every step. But it was not really swift. Fee wind caught him, all most turned him and stiffened every muscle. The celd was unfhinkable. The blifting, whipping snow seemed to raise a blister on every point of surface it struck. He could not turn from it lest he changed his route. He went forward a dozen steps, beating against the wind, and then paused in exhaustion—a dozen more and paused again. He asked himself at thousand times, Would he never reach the coulee, even? Again and again he was sure he had lost it, sure he was going any other than the right way, but at last he thought he felt his footsteps decending, and now he was sure of it. Down, down he went, slowly but firmly, the force of the storm growing less with every step. He was at the bottom of the coulee?

Silits was not a religious man. That is, he did not know just what he believed, nor whether he believed anything in particular. But he had been thinking all kinds of things since he saw that black knot, and the thought which pressed on him hardest was tant his time had probably come. His mind was choked with memories of his boyhood in Kentucky. Its natural effect would be to throw him toward the

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breath in the coulee, with the bilzzard howling shove him, he tried to recall the prayers she had aught him, but to save his soul he couldn't. over softly to himself, "Praise God from whom all lessings flow," it didn't seem appropriate at least just yet. The only other verse he could bring back were the lines;

It wasn't a prayer, and stilts knew it wasn't. But e had never gone through the operation of making a prayer for tamself, and, indeed, he had a vague notion that to be efficacious prayers had to be made by a duly authorized person. He said to himself that if he ever got out of this alive, he would go to some body who knew one and get it and commit it to memory. But what to do now distressed him, hought and thought and thought, but only to find Minself repeating again and again

Where is the little boy minding his shoep! Under the hay-mow, fast askep.

"Well," sald stills, gathering himself together to begin the ascent, and to face the storm anew, "I can't help it; it's all I know; it's the best I can do, and if it won't go, why, so much the worse for me. It semewhat comforted him, however, and he felt

The ascent to the top of the coulee was performed with the expenditure of almost all his remaining strength, and when Stilks felt blusself on the level prairie he moved slowly and feebly. He was conious that his body was statening, that he no longer felt keenly, and that it was a question how far he could go without falling. This he attributed to the earful cold rather than to fatigue, and he began to swing his arms, to jump, to pound his legs, and to do everything that would aid the circulation of his blood. He kept on and on until he felt sure he must him. He could see nothing, hear nothing, but the wind, feel nothing but the savage snow. Still be walked, holding his hands outstretched before him, and uttering short, low means of despair. Suddenly be fell. He had stumbled. He moved his numb hands about in the snow. "It's my wood pile!" cried Stilts;

It was his wood-pile, but there were us many possible directions in which his shack might lie from the wood pile as there were points of the compus. He figured the thing out, though, with no little judg-ment. If he had come in a reasonably straight line feet to the right. He turned and paced of the thirty feet, thirty-five, forty-but he did not strike he shack. Then he faced directly about and paced his way back to the wood-pile. Having got it again, e, somewhat more to the he started off a second the right. Again he failed and again he returned. I made five journeys back and forth from the woo and to it, his courage running higher at each start and falling deeper at each return. But the sixth and falling deeper at each return. But the sixth trip gave him his life. He fell directly on the sounced log that served him for a doorstep.

Stills opened lids cout, and reached his stiff hand into its inside pocket for the key of the padick that fastened his door. It took him an age to find it, and a weary, weary time to get it in the lock. But when, at list, he turned it and removed the hasp, leaned against the heavy door, staggered into warmth and safety, and fell upon his leed in the corner, he said, faintly, "It say over them lines again before I drop off to sleep. It's a wheat farm to a whisp of straw that they was what saved me?"

ARCHBISHOP TRELAND AND WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

volce:

"See here, you ruffians, this disgraceful business has gone far enough and I won't stand it any longer. Listen if you don't quit it and get down into your staterooms in just two influites and leave Mr. O'Bren atom the rest of the voyage 141 take the matter into my bands."

mione the rest of the voyage I'll take the matter into my bands."

"And with that I took out my watch, opened it and began to count the seconds. You ought to have seen the expression on Fox's face. It would have gladitened the heart of a painter.

"50h, ho!" says he, "he's roing to launch the fulnitating curse of Rome arainst ns. He's going to excommunicate us. Oh, ho! but where's his hell, book and candle."

"Don't you believe it," says I, still looking at the watch. "Don't you believe it. I wouldn't waste a good valuable curse on a beggar like you. But I'll to you in spite of that," says I. "I'll go down into the steerage and bring my a troop of those basky Irish lads," says I, "and I'll tell 'em to sweep you of the deck and tie you down in your bertis. You've only got half a minute left, and I advise you to sair!

pretty soon."

only got half a minute left, and I advise you prefty soon.

"There wasn't one of 'em in sight in thirty seconds, and Fox was the first to go.

"They didn't bother O'Brien after that," added the Architshop; "but the news got about in the stering and next day I received a deputation from that quarter of the ship expressing the sincere serrow they felt down there because they didn't get a chance to larup the dirty blackguards."

## VARNS OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.